

LUCK O' THE SMITH!



Arthur Booth at his anvil, making one of the miniature horse-shoes reputed to have brought luck to so many of his patrons.

News o' the North

From our Northern Correspondent
★ F. W. REED ★

STRIKING LUCK.

LUCK plays a big part in the life of the village smith at Great Burdon, near Darlington, Co. Durham. Every day he puts in his spare moments making tiny lucky horseshoes for men and women in all parts of the country. Always busy shoeing horses, or repairing farm implements, sturdy 70-year-old Arthur Booth is having very little time away from his anvil to play his game of quoits. Some while ago he made a few iron shoes, just to while away a few spare moments. They were bought by a visitor, who wrote him that from the day she received them her luck changed. His forge has now become well known, and letters are continually arriving from members of the Forces and civilians. Many have sent parts of crashed German aircraft, shell splinters, or shrapnel to be hammered into the shape of a horseshoe. He has many letters telling of the change of fortune befalling those who have had lucky horseshoes.

If it's luck the people want to lighten their burden, the village blacksmith of Great Burdon is doing his bit to help them. . . .

LIGHT IN THEIR DARKNESS.

AT Trinity House, South Shields, recently, a club was formed for the men and women over sixty, where the old folk can meet regularly. Light entertainment and recreation of all kinds will be supplied, including film shows. The idea has been started to lighten the burden of time, which hangs so heavily on old shoulders.

IN THE AIR.

WHEN the miners in the Sunderland district heard that the A.T.C. lads wanted an aerodrome to go gliding, and that labour could not be spared for the job, they volunteered to build one in their spare time, free of cost. Using material given by local collieries and villagers, they went to work in their off-duty hours, putting up hangars and drome buildings. The landing ground was made, and now the boys are putting in a great deal of time flying. Without the pitmen, they would still be waiting for an airport.

The miners' take-off in getting the work done will make many more happy landings. . . .

GREETINGS.

A FEW days ago, Mr. Isaac Froude, of N. Skelton, Yorkshire, celebrated his 81st birthday. It will soon be the

AN ARTIST IN PIPE-CLEANERS

By
RONALD RICHARDS

SERYL SMITH was a soldier in the last war, and, like so many other soldiers after the last war, he was down and out when peace came. He roamed the countryside looking for work and food, and occasionally he did find some casual employment which just about kept his head above water.

Then he had an idea. Instead of just scribbling on table tops in cafes and on the edges of newspapers, he would find a "beat" and draw on the pavement for money. He started in the West Country, and toured Ilfracombe, Bath and Torquay. He painted local churches and politicians and film stars. The most popular, he found, were Gandhi and King George V.

After two years he felt his painting was improving, and he travelled to London. He found, after months of hunger and misery, the most profitable beats, and again he prospered.

Sitting outside a West End store, he picked up a pipe-cleaner thrown away by a passer-by. He twisted the cleaner this way and that while he was waiting for pennies to fall into his hat. A woman passed by, and following her was a funny-looking puppy, which he crudely copied with the piece of dirty pipe-cleaner.

First attempt

The woman, who had stopped to look at some furs in the shop window above him, glanced at the model and exclaimed, "Oh! How dare you insult my dog!" He didn't say anything; he just threw the pipe-cleaner into the gutter and went on painting the King. The woman picked up

the toy and put it in her bag. She made more remarks about her "poor little Dodo," and she threw two shillings into Seryl's hat.

He didn't think much of it at the time, but next day he noted the number of women who passed by with lap-dogs. Again he had an idea, and he crossed the road and paid twopence for a bundle of pipe-cleaners.

As the women passed, he asked them if they would like a model. They mostly said yes, and they mostly gave him sixpence or a shilling. When Seryl went home that night he bought some more pipe-cleaners, and he practised for hours. Next day, business was better than ever, and within a month or two people were bringing friends along to have their dogs modelled.

He kept that site for several years, during which time he modelled nearly every dog in the West End. After a while, though, in spite of his prosperity, he moved back to the West Country, and he re-visited the old spots where once he had painted. As in London, his novelties caught on, and he



A giraffe takes shape as pipe-cleaners are twisted in the skilful hands of Mr. Seryl Smith.

made more money from pipe-cleaners.

Set up shop

A couple more years and he left the road and set up shop. His crude efforts at modelling matured into works of art, and in addition to dogs he copied Disney characters, priced up to five shillings.

Through the window of a tiny shop in an alley a few yards from Richmond Green I saw an amazing collection of these toys. They included Donald Duck,



Painting the pipe-cleaner pups is an art which calls for deft and accurate touch.

Pinochio, Popeye, and the Seven Dwarfs. I walked in, and Seryl Smith told me his story. As he talked he went on working and smoking. He never stops smoking from morning to night. He took me into his workshop, which really is just a corner of the shop. The bench is covered with half a dozen different kinds of pipe-cleaners (he buys it by the roll now), and his only tools, a paint brush, a bottle of paint, and a pair of scissors. Looking down from the distempered walls are pictures of Betty Grable and Gene Tierney, and animals, which are his models.

On the switch is a bulldog-clip holding dozens of orders from shops and wholesale stores for grosses of his models. Some of the orders are months old because he can't keep pace with them.

His radio is turned on when he lights his first cigarette in the morning, and he turns it off before the light at night. He seldom hears the programmes, but finds it comforting.

Mr. Smith makes as much money as he likes now. He has tried to expand the business by training someone to help him, but all have failed to follow the steps of the master. He works to a schedule, and when he has done so much work he closes the shop and strolls on to Richmond Green for a sleep. "Why should I work to make more money than I need?" he says.

What's in a name?

OVER 25 million Americans have names that have emigrated out of Germany, Italy, Poland, Finland, the Balkans, and other countries.

Several millions of these have Anglicised or cut short their names; about 1,500 changes are registered each month.

With war-time registrations, such names as Kadlubowski, Mlakar, Cladakis, Vaczy, Kudirka, Squitieri, Wohlgemuth, Björnaara, Morgenstern, Suchy, Tanaskovich and Kirkkōmaki, which are common, cause much delay and frayed tempers, but, American like, there is a marked reluctance to change the name of their birth.

In the Army, one of the toughest jobs is to call the roll, for "foreign" names are in the majority on most outfits.

Of course, such names as Grzywaczewsky and Srzen-tichm, owned by close to 1,000,000 people, ought to be adjusted to avoid needless discomfort and misery. So should names with unpleasant meanings in English. But I urge retention of the root of the old name, or the adoption of a simpler "foreign" name indicating the person's background.

I do not object to the Anglicisation of "foreign" names where people want to do that. General Anglicisation of new-immigrant names, however, is not to be desired. America is a human extension of all Europe and some of the rest of the world. Don't let's try to make a secret of this important fact. It is apt to be of immense advantage in the world now forming which will be as full of all kinds of foreign patronyms as it is now.



Dogs, donkeys, pandas and giraffes are all in Mr. Seryl Smith's pipe-cleaner zoo.

Periscope Page

WANGLING WORDS—28

1. If A equals 1, B equals 2, C equals 3, and so on, can you find a word of five letters which adds up to only 8? If not, what is your lowest score?
2. Which of the following words is mis-spelt: ELIMINATE, ILLITERATE, ILLEGIBLE, ELIGIBLE?
3. You cannot change the word JAZZ into another word by altering only one letter. Can you find any other four-letter words equally obstinate? There are not many.
4. How many four-letter words can you make out of the word PARSIMONIOUS?

Answer to Wangling Words—27

1. IPEACUANHA.
2. CELERY.
3. COMB, COME, HOME, HOLE, HALE, HALL, HAIL, HAIR.
4. CORK, CORN, BORN, BARN, BARE, BASE, VASE.
5. WIND, FIND, FOND, FORD, LORD, LORN, TORN, TORE, TYRE.
6. MAST, MOST, LOST, LOSE, ROSE, ROPE.
7. Tilt, Loin, Tart, Lion, Trot, Toil, Rain, Liar, Rota, etc.

3-MINUTE THRILLER

MRS. PYM had never been to a fun fair before. The elaborate plans for amusing a casual public amazed her, until she remembered her visit was an official one.

The premises—known as Laker's Mammoth Fun Fair—were in a block of buildings at the end of the Strand, and the murder of John Laker interested her as a thoroughly odd circumstance.

Once upon a time Laker had been a successful novelist, then he had taken to drink, and his talent had died. He ended up as the owner of the fair, which, as he told his friends, was more profitable than writing.

He wanted to be dictator in his small world. There were at least five people who hated him and had threatened him, though he had not taken these threats seriously.

The suspects were the cantankerous keeper of the rifle-range; an under-manager who thought he was ill-treated; ancient Professor Kismah, operator of a flea circus in a back room; Guerdain, whose odd job was rat-catching, an essential requirement in that old building; and Laker's son, Fred, a nasty young man, invariably short of money.

Laker had been found in his office at the top of the building. He had been stabbed while sit-

ting at his writing-table, his blotter being covered with some queer scribbled phrases which seemed aimless.

There were no witnesses. The crime had apparently occurred at the busiest time of the day, when customers and staff were in continual movement. The suspects were so classified because four of them had received grossly unfair orders to quit. Fred Laker was in the list because he did not hide his resentment at his father's meanness in the matter of salary, which the boy deservedly earned.

What intrigued Mrs. Pym was a phrase among Laker's scribbles: "What we caught we threw away; what we could not catch we kept."

It was so silly and meaningless that it preyed on her mind. She investigated with more than usual care. Five suspects were a lot. She questioned each one, and found five distinct grievances: Laker had that most unfortunate of qualities, the one of making himself thoroughly disliked while being too important for his enemies to put him out of their lives.

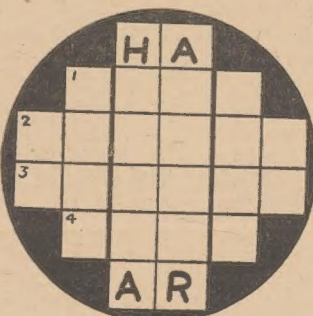
It was obvious Laker had known he was about to die, and

By NIGEL MORLAND

Riddle-me-ree

By NIGEL MORLAND

FOUR WORDS



Fill in the four words for which the clues are given. Then, if you take the letters in rotation, two from each word, you will know what the housewife said to her husband when she caught him at the larder.

- Clues:—
1. Tails.
 2. To make dirty.
 3. Bewilder.
 4. Eastern port.

hundred years, I shall never forget the feeling of admiration which I then experienced.

My curiosity had been not a little raised with regard to the description of country we should meet on the other side of the mountains; and I had supposed, with Toby, that immediately on gaining the heights we should be enabled to view the large bays of Happar and Typee reposing at our feet on one side, in the same way that Nukueva lay spread out below on the other.

But here we were disappointed.

We found ourselves, about three hours before sunset, standing on the top of what seemed to be the highest land on the island, an immense overhanging cliff composed of basaltic rocks, hung round with parasitical plants. We must have been more than three thousand feet above the level of the sea, and the scenery viewed from this height was magnificent.

Gratitude is a fruit of great cultivation: you do not find it among gross people.
Samuel Johnson (1709-1784).

Though pleased to see the dolphins gay,
I mind my compass and my way.
Matthew Green (1696-1737).

The lonely bay of Nukueva, dotted here and there with the black hulls of the vessels composing the French squadron, lay reposing at the base of a circular range of elevations, whose verdant sides, perforated with deep glens, or diversified with smiling valleys, formed altogether the loveliest view I ever beheld, and were I to live a

Instead of finding the mountain we had ascended sweeping down in the opposite direction into broad and capacious valleys, the land appeared to retain its general elevation, only broken into a series of ridges and inter-valles, which as far as the eye could reach stretched away from us, with their precipitous sides covered with the brightest verdure, and waving here and there with the foliage of clumps of woodland; among which, however, we perceived none of those trees

ROUND THE WORLD

with our Roving Cameraman



MOST PRIMITIVE PUMP ON EARTH.

You are looking at the most primitive pump in the world, and it is in operation not far from the traditional Garden of Eden. The native of Irak wants water to irrigate the burning soil. He goes to the River Euphrates, erects this tumble-down structure, lowers a bag of goat-skins into the river, and says "Giddup" to the worn-out hoss. And the hoss pulls like billy-o, and up comes the dripping skin bag filled with water.

Why not lay pipes? Now, don't talk nonsense. The natives of the country around the Garden of Eden have done it this way for ages, and therefore it is the way to do it. What the hoss thinks doesn't matter. His fathers did it before him, too.

upon whose fruit we had relied with such certainty.

This was a most unlooked-for discovery, and one that promised to defeat our plans altogether, for we could not think of descending the mountain on the Nukueva side in quest of food.

Should we for this purpose be induced to retrace our steps, we should run no small chance of encountering the natives, who in that case, if they did nothing worse to us, would be certain to convey us back to the ship for the sake of the reward in calico and trinkets, which we had no doubt our skipper would hold out to them as an inducement to our capture.

What was to be done? The Dolly would not sail perhaps for ten days, and how were we to sustain life during this period? I bitterly repented our improvidence in not providing ourselves, as we easily might have done, with a supply of biscuit.

With a rueful visage I now thought me of the scanty handful of bread I had stuffed into the bosom of my frock, and felt somewhat desirous to ascertain what part of it had weathered the rather rough usage it had experienced in ascending the mountain.

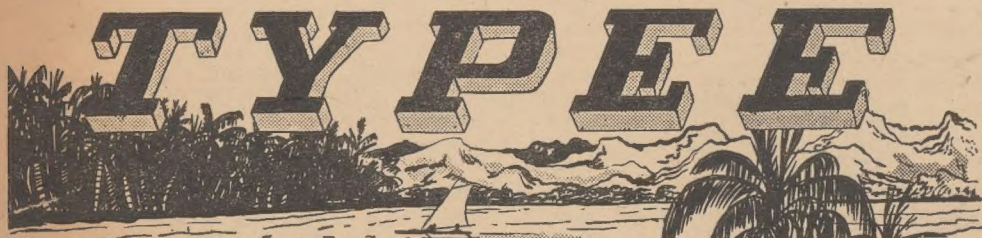
I accordingly proposed to Toby that we should enter into a joint examination of the various articles,

QUIZ for today

1. What is a peccary?
2. Who wrote (a) "Old Mortality," (b) "The Old Curiosity Shop"?
3. One of these words is not in the Bible; which is it: Express, Mail, Print, Pictures, Column, Advertise.
4. Where are the two Cleopatra's Needles?
5. What is a warlock?
6. What British Cabinet Minister was once taken prisoner of war?
7. What is a piffero?
8. Why is the drink, punch, so called?
9. In what book by Dickens does the Artful Dodger appear?
10. Does (a) a horse, (b) a cow get up with its hind-legs or fore-legs first?
11. How many children did Queen Anne have?
12. Who invented Esperanto?

we had brought from the ship. With this intent we seated ourselves upon the grass; and a little curious to see with what kind of judgment my companion had filled his frock

Continued on Page 3.



ELATED with the success which had attended our enterprise, and invigorated by the refreshing atmosphere we now inhaled, Toby and I, in high spirits, were making our way rapidly along the ridge, when suddenly from the valleys below, which lay on either side of us, we heard the distant shouts of the natives, who had just desoried us, and to whom our figures, brought in bold relief against the sky, were plainly revealed.

Glancing our eyes into these valleys, we perceived their savage inhabitants hurrying to and fro, seemingly under the influence of some sudden alarm, and appearing to the eye scarcely bigger than so many pigmies, while their white thatched dwellings, dwarfed by the distance, looked like baby-houses.

As we looked down upon the islanders from our lofty elevation, we experienced a sense of security; and feeling confident that, should they

By HERMAN MELVILLE

undertake a pursuit, it would, from the start we now had, prove entirely fruitless, unless they followed us into the mountains, where we knew they cared not to venture.

However, we thought it as well to make the most of our time; and accordingly, where the ground would admit of it, we ran swiftly along the summit of the ridge, until we were brought to a stand by a steep cliff, which at first seemed to interpose an effectual barrier to our farther advance.

By dint of much hard scrambling, however, and at some risk to our necks, we at last surmounted it, and continued our flight with unabated celerity.

ODD CORNER

A GERMAN mathematician named Stifel saw some warehousemen chalking marks on packing-cases in 1544. Those with an excess of weight were marked with a cross, and those deficient in weight with a dash. He appropriated these signs, and they became our "plus" and "minus."

Stifel invented decimals before this, but the "decimal point" was provided by the Italian, Pelazzi, in 1492.

John Peil, who was born in 1611, was admitted to Trinity College, Cambridge, at the age of 13, took his B.A. at 17, and spoke eight languages. He invented the sign we use for "division."

The little parallel lines we use for "equals" were first

used by Robert Recorde in 1557. In a treatise on algebra, called the "Whetstone of Witte," he wrote: "To avoid the tedious repetition of the words 'is equal to,' I do often use a pair of parallel lines of one length, because no two things can be more equal."

The origin of the American dollar sign has long been a puzzle. One explanation is that it is the two letters, U.S., written one over the other. Another is that it is a modification of the figure 8, the dollar having been originally a piece of eight reals.

One of the emblems of the State of Massachusetts is the cod-fish. Because it saved the early settlers from starving, its effigy has hung in the State House for over two hundred years.

JANE



Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



TYPEE

Continued from Page 2.

—which I remarked seemed about as well lined as my own—I requested him to commence operations by spreading out its contents. Thrusting his hand, then, into the bosom of this capacious receptacle, he first brought to light

ANSWERS TO QUIZ IN No. 64.

1. Dried flower buds of a myrtle grown in the East Indies.
2. Charles Lamb.
3. A South African antelope.
4. Rifle.
5. Arithmetically correct. Cocker wrote an arithmetic book.
6. It was discovered by a monk who accidentally poisoned his fellow monks with it. Hence it was called "anti-monk."
7. A violin made at Cremona, Italy.
8. Twenty shillings used to weigh a pound.
9. From the Hindustani "degshi," a saucepan.
10. Jaques, in Shakespeare's "As You Like It."
11. Twenty-five.
12. Three miles South-East of Cambridge.

about a pound of tobacco, whose component parts still adhered together, the whole outside being covered with soft particles of sea-bread.

Wet and dripping, it had the appearance of having been just recovered from the bottom of the sea. But I paid slight attention to a substance of so little value to us in our present situation, as soon as I perceived the indications it gave of Toby's foresight in laying in a supply of food for the expedition. I eagerly inquired what quantity he had brought with him, when, rummaging once more beneath his garment, he produced a small handful of something so soft, pulpy, and discoloured, that for a few moments he was as much puzzled as myself to tell by what possible instrumentality such a villainous compound had become engendered in his bosom.

MISSING WORDS IN No. 64.

- Solution:** 1, Rogue. 2, Grace. 3, Liege. 4, Drake. 5, Spike. 6, Brace. 7, Spine. 8, Goose.

I can only describe it as a hash of soaked bread and bits of tobacco, brought to a doughy consistency by the united agency of perspiration and rain. But repulsive as it might otherwise have been, I now regarded it as an invaluable treasure, and proceeded with great care to transfer this paste-like mass to a large leaf which I had plucked from a bush beside me.

Toby informed me that in the morning he had placed two whole biscuits in his bosom, with a view of munching them, should he feel so inclined, during our flight. These were now reduced to the equivocal substance which I had just placed on the leaf.

Another dive into the frock brought to view some four or five yards of calico print, whose tasteful pattern was rather disfigured by the yellow stains of the tobacco with which it had been brought in contact.

In drawing this calico slowly from his bosom inch by inch, Toby reminded me of a juggler performing the feat of the endless ribbon. The next cast was a small one, being a sailor's little "ditty bag," containing needles, thread, and other sewing utensils; then came a razor-case, followed by two or three separate plugs of negro-head,

SOLUTION TO THREE-MINUTE THRILLER.

Temperamental Professor Kismah was frank enough at the time of his arrest.

"He objected to my flea circus," he snapped. "Told me if I lowered the dignity of his business, and yet we made plenty of money! One night he opened the catch of the little house and all my carefully trained stock were lost. I reasoned with him, and lost my temper, and told him I was about to kill him as he had clearly killed all my little treasures. . . . I told him he was a rat and a coward. Why, he even continued to write nothing on his blotting pad when I stood over him with my dagger. . . ."

Mrs. Pym found it hard to hide her smiles, even in that tragic moment. "Homer didn't think it silly when it was propounded to him," she said. "The answer is 'fleas,' by dear Professor. Laker was a novelist to the last, you see."

which were fished up from the bottom of the now empty receptacle. These various matters being inspected, I produced a few things which I had myself brought.

(Continued to-morrow)

Coming to our Senses

By C. N. DORAN

SOME time ago a few scientists blindfolded a bat and then released it in a darkened room which had been criss-crossed with almost invisible piano wires. They wanted to find out, if possible, how bats are able to fly in night-time without knocking up against trees and things.

This bat flew up and down and all around the room at high speed and never once touched the piano wires.

Here was proof of a theory long held, that bats do not see in the dark, but that they have some mysterious sense that automatically causes them to "fly blind," yet safely.

What is that sense? Nobody knows rightly, but it has been suggested that bats have some delicate membrane, perhaps in their ears, that allows them to "hear" an object before they see it.

Experiments with other animals and birds have produced the conviction among scientists that human senses are very dull, and that there is a very large number of sounds and sights that we never hear or see, but which animals and birds are perfectly aware of.

There is a dog whistle on the market that human ears cannot hear, but a dog can hear. It has been observed, too, that dogs often show a strange hostility to persons who are afraid of them.

THE FEAR SCENT.

It has been scientifically suggested that the reason is that these timid people give off a "fear scent," which we ourselves cannot detect, but dogs can, and it has an irritating effect on them.

One of the propounders of this theory was William T. Hornaday, the famous naturalist; and Engelmann, the renowned animal psychologist, believed it also. The latter established many experiments in order to trace the hearing and seeing sense of animals.

He found that chicks and cats have a specially keen sense of hearing, and that they can diagnose the character of human beings by a strange sense denied the human beings.

Some say this is a psychic sense. Others say it is purely physical. Others, again, claim that the psychic is merely the physical in a very refined condition, and that the same laws operate in both worlds.

Another amazing fact has been established—that mice can and do burst into song! (Not when they know a cat is near, but at other times.) The singing mice have concerts of their own, but you cannot hear these songs because the human ear cannot catch the thin notes. But fine instruments have been made which show the vibrations of the mice's voices; and these voices are in harmony.

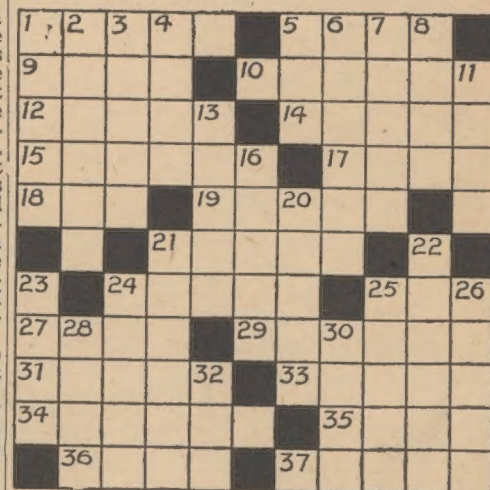
BLIND OYSTERS.

It has been found, too, that oysters, although without any eyes, are peculiarly sensitive to light and shade. Experiments were carried out in special tanks.

When light was cast on the oysters they opened their shells and took in food from the water. The moment a shadow was passed over the light the oysters closed their shells and remained hermetically sealed until the shade passed.

This is what science calls being "photochemically aware." There is another name—"sciopic reaction"—but they just mean knowing when danger looms up.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

1. Fasten.
5. Extend across.
9. Precious stone.
10. Ended.
12. Time of rest.
14. Change.
15. Arrive at.
17. Bathing place.
18. Affirmative.
19. Energy.
21. Dislodged turf.
24. Emblem of clan.
25. Thus.
27. Boy's name.
29. Missive.
31. Shy.
33. Sister.
34. Utillise.
35. Restrained.
36. South African.
37. Eskimo canoe.

CLUES DOWN.

1. Trial of metals.
2. Stumble.
3. Chafes.
4. Notion.
5. Ocean.
6. Straw bed.
7. On the move.
8. Requirement.
11. Let fall.
13. Bird like a lark.
16. New.
20. Adults.
21. Easily managed.
22. Day nap.
23. Ship's officer.
24. Musical time.
25. Wander.
26. Small harbour.
28. Arm.
30. Musical instrument.
32. Beetle.

TABLE NAP
OCHRE DUPE
GRACE NOTED
YAW CHASM A
V WHO TEAL
PERI T EGGS
ANON ERR R
I AGILE LEG
NAMES ADIEU
THERM LANDS
SAD SAMBO H

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

Who's scared this time? If it wasn't for the fact that Tim and Jack are good pals we'd think that Jack was certainly laying down the law.



Just a flash

And not a flash in the pan either. Maggie, the St. Louis zoo's orangutan, was mighty proud to have her five-months' old baby George, photographed, but when George was frightened by the camera - flash, Maggie registered complete disapproval.



This England



The parish church of St. Margaret's, King's Lynn, bathed in winter sunlight. A picture of dignity and unshakable symbol of peaceful serenity.

OOMPH, PING & ZING



That's what Charles Chauvel, producer and director of Australian film, "40,000 Horsemen," thinks of Betty Bryant, his latest discovery, and he should know. Chauvel says Betty has charm, personality, vibrant, sparkle. We agree wholeheartedly.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"And — may I add — ping! and tinkle, tinkle — it's shattering."

